MARVEL COMICS
#24
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PETER PARKER
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AT A DEMONSTRATION ON RADIATION, HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT PETER PARKER WAS BITTEN BY AN IRRADIATED SPIDER FROM WHICH HE GAINED THE ARACHNID'S INCREDIBLE ABILITIES. WHEN A BURGLAR KILLED HIS BELOVED UNCLE BEN, A GRIEF-STRICKEN PETER VOWED TO USE HIS GREAT POWERS IN THE SERVICE OF HIS FELLOW MAN, BECAUSE HE LEARNED AN INVALUABLE LESSON: WITH GREAT POWER MUST ALSO COME GREAT RESPONSIBILITY. STAN LEE PRESENTS: PETER PARKER, SPIDER-MAN!

DO NOT BE ALARMED, EARTH UNIT. WE ARE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE BRILLNAH >ZHHKK --
SOUNDS LIKE A GOAT TRAPPED IN A MICROWAVE. YOU GONNA PROBE ME OR LET ME GO, OR WHAT?
YOUR HUMOR CONFUSES US. WE WISH YOU NO HARM. PLEASE WAIT.
HI THERE!

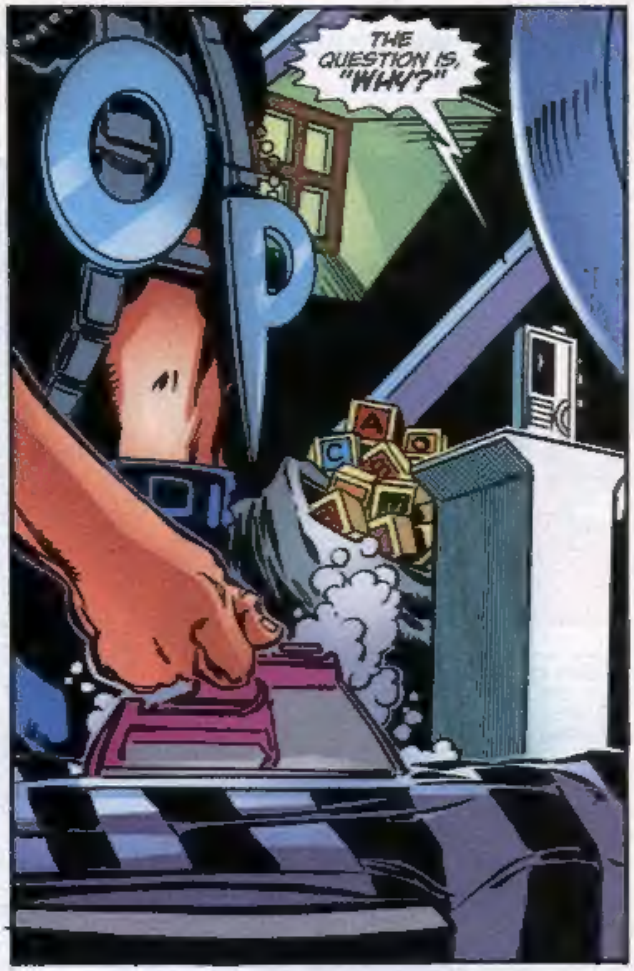
PETER PARKER™: SPIDER-MAN®: Vol. 2, No. 24, December, 2000. (ISSN #1053-5667) Published by MARVEL COMICS. Bill Jemas, President; Joe Quesada, Editor-in-Chief; Stan Lee, Chairman Emeritus. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 2000 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $2.25 per copy in the U.S. and $3.50 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: U.S. $27.00, foreign $39.00, and Canadian subscribers must add $18.00 for postage and GST. GST #R127032852. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. PETER PARKER SPIDER-MAN (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL CHARACTERS, INC. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO SPIDER-MAN, c/o MARVEL DIRECT MARKETING CORP./SUBSCRIPTION DEPT. P.O. BOX 1979 DANBURY, CT. 06813-1979. TELEPHONE # (203) 743-5331. FAX # (203) 744-9644. Printed in the U.S.A. MARVEL COMICS is a division of MARVEL ENTERPRISES, INC. Peter Cuneo, Chief Executive Officer; Avi Arad, Chief Creative Officer.

Warning Signs
WELCOME TO THE MOTHER SHIP, MISTER PARKER. THE NAME'S MCNAIR -- TAD MCNAIR, MCNAIR AND ASSOCIATES.
YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE MY CLIENTS FOR THEIR, AH... BEHAVIOR -- THEY'RE A LITTLE FREAKED OUT RIGHT NOW. IT SEEMS THEY'VE NEVER MET ANYONE WITH YOUR, UH... RATHER UNIQUE GENETIC MAKEUP BEFORE.
PAUL JENKINS Writer
MARK BUCKINGHAM Penciler
TOM PALMER & RODNEY RAMOS Inkers
JOE ROSAS Colors
RS & COMICRAFT'S TROY P Letters
LARA CASTLE Ass't Editor
RALPH MACCHIO Editor
JOE QUESADA Chief

WAITAMINNIT... THEY'RE FREAKED OUT --? I GET ABDUCTED BY THE SPACE PIRATES FROM PLANET STOOGE -- NOT TO MENTION THEIR ATTORNEY -- AND THEY'RE FREAKED OUT?
BY THE WAY, ARE WE GONNA HAVE THIS CONVERSATION HORIZONTALLY, OR DO I HAVE TO SUE SOMEONE TO BE LET UP?
SORRY, MISTER PARKER, NO CAN DO. I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO SIGN THIS LEGAL WAIVER HOLDING MY CLIENTS BLAMELESS FOR THIS UNFORTUNATE OCCURRENCE BEFORE WE CAN PROCEED.
IT'S, UH... IT'S ALL PRETTY STANDARD. WE CAN PUT YOU BACK IN STASIS WHILE YOU RUN IT BY YOUR PEOPLE, IF YOU LIKE --
-SIGH- DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT... I'LL SIGN. JUST LET ME UP.
Peter Parker
OKAY... NOW THAT'S OUT OF THE WAY: LET'S BEGIN WITH A FEW EXPLANATIONS.
MY CLIENTS WISH TO EXPRESS THEIR REGRET FOR ANY INCONVENIENCE THAT MAY HAVE INADVERTENTLY BEEN CAUSED TO YOU OR YOUR IMMEDIATE FAMILY, MISTER PARKER.
TO PUT IT BLUNTLY MY CLI -- UH, THAT IS... AN ACQUAINTANCE OF MY CLIENTS -- HAS RECENTLY BEEN CONDUCTING WHAT MIGHT BE TERMED "SEMI-LEGAL EXPERIMENTATION" IN THE VICINITY OF THIS PLANET.
WHAT THAT MEANS IN ENGLISH IS, YOUR "CLIENTS" -- THE INTERGALACTIC BROTHERHOOD OF BOZOS HERE -- HAVE BEEN ABDUCTING ME AN' MY BUDDY FROM OUR APARTMENT WITHOUT PERMISSION. YES OR NO?
UM. IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING, YES. UNFORTUNATELY, AS A RESULT OF AN ERRONEOUS DNA ASSESSMENT BACK IN TYPE MATCHING, THERE'S BEEN A PROBLEM WITH ONE OF OUR HYBRIDS.
NAMELY, YOURS.

AS YOU MAY HAVE HEARD, THERE'S BEEN A RECENT SPATE OF VANDALISM IN THE CITY. IT SEEMS THE HYBRID CREATED BY YOUR DNA HAS GONE ROGUE, SO TO SPEAK, AND IT'S BEEN SMASHING THE PLACE TO PIECES.
WE ARE CURIOUS.
YOUR GENETIC MATERIAL IS... UNUSUALLY ARACHNID. PLEASE EXPLAIN THIS.
IT'S A LONG STORY, FELLAS. MAYBE SOME OTHER TIME.
WE WOULD BE MOST INTERESTED. THANK YOU.
ATTORNEY MCNAIR... WILL THE EARTH UNIT PETERPARKER ASSIST US?
AH, RIGHT... THE MATTER AT HAND: YOU REALIZE, MISTER PARKER, THAT UNDER BRLL'NAH >ZT#&K< LAW YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR MAINTAINING THE INTEGRITY OF YOUR OWN DNA?
A LAPSE SUCH AS YOURS IS PUNISHABLE BY A SEVERE FINE AND UP TO SIX MONTHS COMMUNITY SERVICE IN THE RUBIDIUM MINES OF BOLTAN IV.
UNLESS YOU AGREE TO HELP US, THAT IS.
MY CLIENTS HAVE AGREED TO DROP ALL CHARGES AGAINST YOU IF YOU AID THEM IN RETURNING THE HYBRID TO THIS SHIP. UH... UNFORTUNATELY, THERE'S A FURTHER COMPLICATION.
IT'S, UH... IT'S PREGNANT.
PLEASE BE ADVISED, EARTH UNIT -- THE HYBRID WILL REPRODUCE IF LEFT UNSUPERVISED. IT'S CURRENT GESTATIVE CYCLE CONCLUDES AT EXACTLY 4.9 KLEKS. YOU MUST RETURN IT BY THAT TIME.
THIS DEVICE, WHEN AFFIXED TO THE CREATURE, WILL TELEPORT IT BACK TO OUR VESSEL --
4.9 KLEKS... THAT WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO BE AROUND 7 PM EASTERN, WOULD IT?
I THOUGHT SO. YOU TELL MYSTERIO THIS ISN'T FUNNY --
WHAT A PLEASANT EARTH UNIT.

I AM A MAN OF FEW WORDS. A SIMPLE MAN.
AS SUCH, I OFFER ONE SIMPLE QUESTION -- IT IS THE SAME QUESTION I ASK MYSELF AS EACH NEW DAY INTRUDES UPON THE BLISSFUL SANCTITY OF MY DREAMS.


THE QUESTION IS, "WHY?"

WHY AM I HERE. WHAT IS MY PURPOSE? I REMEMBER ONLY FRAGMENTS. IN A FORMER EXISTENCE, I WAS ONCE PRIVATE GORDON THOMAS -- A SOLDIER...
C'MON, JOE! YOU GOTTA GET UP --!

HERE, I GOT YOU. J-- AAK!
BLAM BLAM
I REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I ASKED MYSELF THE QUESTION.

SO MANY YEARS AGO. IT WAS A BRIGHT EVENING, AS I RECALL, AS MY FRIENDS AND I LAY DYING ON WARM, WET SAND.
I REMEMBER LOOKING TO THE HEAVENS AS THE BLOOD SEEPED FROM MY MOUTH AND EARS. I REMEMBER ASKING "WHY?"

I REMEMBER A CURIOUS MESSAGE THAT I COULD NOT DECIPHER -- TYPED IN BOLD LETTERS A MILE HIGH.

I RETURNED TO MY NATIVE LAND THEN... AN OUTCAST. UNWANTED AND MISUNDERSTOOD. MY FAMILY CALLED ME "BABY-KILLER" AND THREW ME ONTO THE MERCY OF THE STREETS.
NO ONE TO LOVE ME, AND NO ONE TO LOVE. I WAS ALONE.

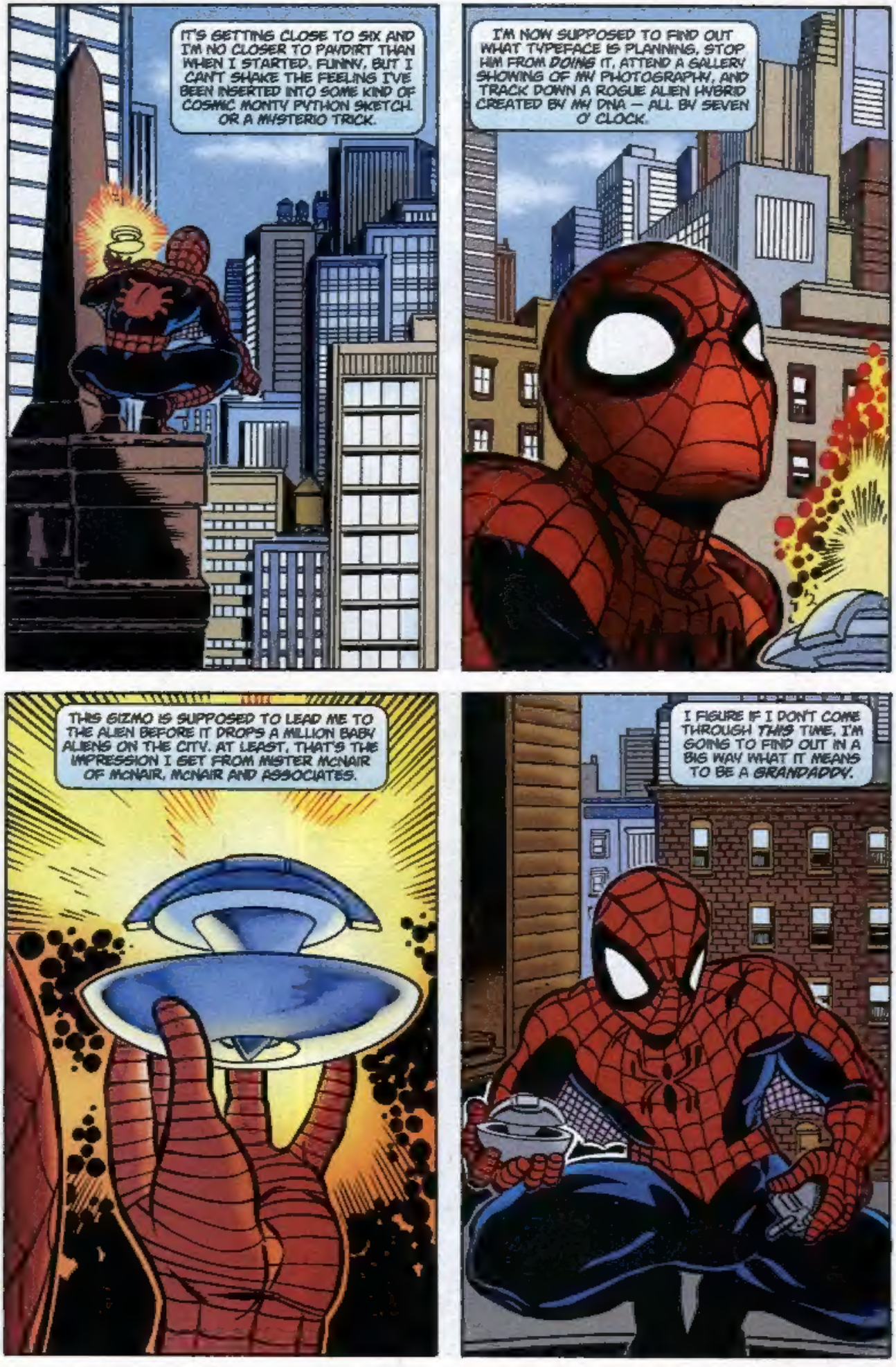
BUT I DISCOVERED A CALLING -- I BECAME A MAN OF LETTERS, A CRAFTSMAN. I FOUND GAINFUL EMPLOYMENT AS A SIGNSMITH.
I CREATED SIGNS FOR THE MASSES. I BECAME AN EDUCATOR, AN INFORMER. AND IN SO DEDICATING MYSELF TO MY WORK, THE PAIN OF MY PAST BECAME BEARABLE.

I BORE IT UNTIL THE DAY THEY DECIDED I WAS NO LONGER USEFUL.
I'M SORRY, GEORDIE... YOU BEEN A GOOD WORKER, BUT WITH THE NEW OWNERS COMIN' IN I HAFTA LAY OFF ALL NON-ESSENTIAL EMPLOYEES.
I SLIPPED YOU AN EXTRA FIFTY. IT AIN'T MUCH... BUT IT'LL HELP.

I UNDERSTAND --
-- I LIED, AS I SECRETLY WONDERED "WHY" NOT FOR THE FIRST OR LAST TIME.

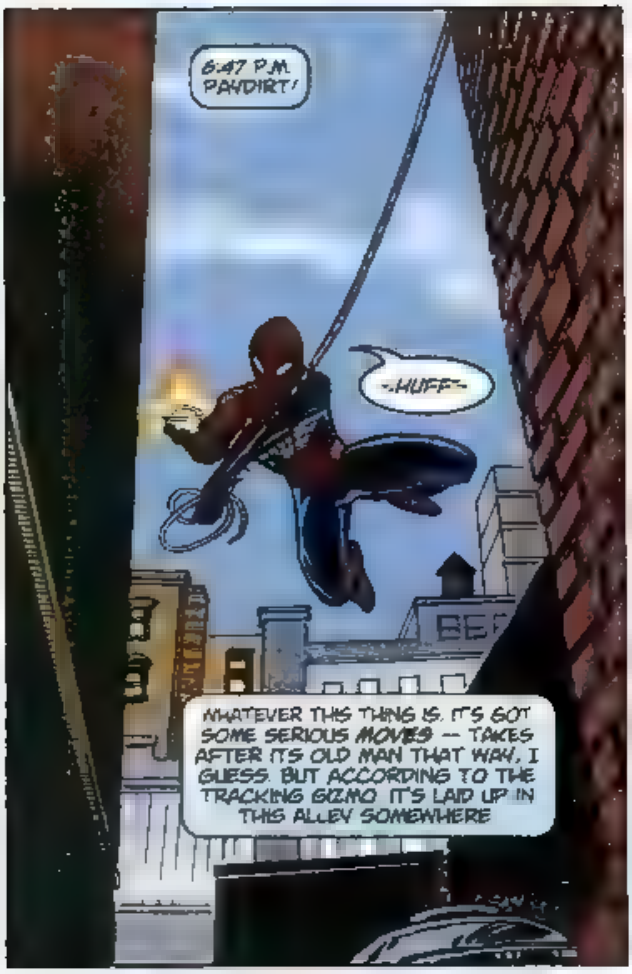
WARMONGERS TOOK MY LIFE AWAY FROM ME. AND WHEN I SCRAPED AND CLAWED TO MANUFACTURE ANOTHER, THE LAWYERS AND LIARS TOOK THAT, TOO.
TO THOSE RESPONSIBLE, I HAVE BUT ONE RESPONSE:

ANNIHILATION.


IT'S GETTING CLOSE TO SIX AND I'M NO CLOSER TO PAYDIRT THAN WHEN I STARTED. FUNNY, BUT I CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING I'VE BEEN INSERTED INTO SOME KIND OF COSMIC MONTY PYTHON SKETCH OR A MYSTERIO TRICK.
I'M NOW SUPPOSED TO FIND OUT WHAT TYPEFACE IS PLANNING, STOP HIM FROM DOING IT, ATTEND A GALLERY SHOWING OF MY PHOTOGRAPHY, AND TRACK DOWN A ROGUE ALIEN HYBRID CREATED BY MY DNA — ALL BY SEVEN O' CLOCK.
THIS GIZMO IS SUPPOSED TO LEAD ME TO THE ALIEN BEFORE IT DROPS A MILLION BABY ALIENS ON THE CITY. AT LEAST, THAT'S THE IMPRESSION I GET FROM MISTER MCNAIR OF MCNAIR, MCNAIR AND ASSOCIATES.
I FIGURE IF I DON'T COME THROUGH THIS TIME, I'M GOING TO FIND OUT IN A BIG WAY WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A GRANDADDY.

HEY, ROBBIE -- IT'S PETER PARKER SAY, DID YOU EVER FOLLOW UP ON THAT TIMES SQUARE THING I ASKED YOU ABOUT? THE VANDALISM ANGLE?
I SURE DID, PETE. TURNS OUT YOUR HUNCH WAS PRETTY SPOT-ON -- ALL THE SIGNS DESTROYED IN THAT INCIDENT WERE MANUFACTURED BY ACE SIGNWORKS, INC. THEY'RE ON COLUMBUS, UP NEAR 103RD STREET.
WHERE ARE YOU? YOUR VOICE SOUNDS MUFFLED --
WHAT? OH, YEAH... SORRY. I'M IN A CAB INSIDE THE MIDTOWN TUNNEL. THE DRIVER JUST TRIED TO RAM A TRUCK, SO I GOTTA GO.
LISTEN, ROBBIE -- THANKS A LOT FOR THE HELP, OKAY? I OWE YOU ONE.
YOU OWE ME ABOUT TWELVE THOUSAND -- I'LL PUT IT ON YOUR TAB.
OH, AND BY THE WAY, RANDY TOLD ME ABOUT YOUR GALLERY SHOWING AT SEVEN. I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO IT.
YEAH, WELL... THAT MAKES ONE OF US.

...YAH ...KAH SPORTS SECTION... THEATER LISTINGS... ARTS AN ENTERTAINMENT...
...WHY DO WE PUBLISH ALL THIS CRUD...?
...HMMM?
DAILY BUGLE
SPIDER-MAN A MONSTER?
I KNEW IT!


6:47 P.M. PAYDIRT!
-HUFF-
WHATEVER THIS THING IS, IT'S GOT SOME SERIOUS MOVES -- TAKES AFTER ITS OLD MAN THAT WAY, I GUESS. BUT ACCORDING TO THE TRACKING GIZMO IT'S LAID UP IN THIS ALLEY SOMEWHERE

ALL I HAVE TO DO NOW IS PLANT THE DEVICE ON THE CREATURE AND SEND IT ON ITS MERRY WAY BACK TO THE MOTHER SHIP. SIMPLE.

THERE YOU ARE AND A HANDSOME FELLOW I MIGHT ADD
IT'S OKAY LITTLE BUDDY YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID. I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU H—

—URRK!

HSSSSS!
YOU KNOW... IT'S TIMES LIKE THIS I REALLY WISH I'D BEEN BITTEN BY A RADIOACTIVE SNAIL...

BULLPEN BULLETINS

ON SALE NEXT WEEK

AVENGERS #35

A Maximum Security tie-in! What do you do when the Avengers are trapped away from the front lines? You call in the Avengers Infinity squad! By Karl Bosiek & John Romita Jr.!

DEADPOOL #47

The Merc with a Mouth continues his quest to fulfill his current contract—but what does his new girlfriend have to say about it? By Jimmy Palmiotti & Paul Chadwick!

GAMBIT #23

A Maximum Security tie-in! Who is the new X-Cutioner... and where did he get that funky armor? By Fabian Nicieza & Yanick Paquette!

IRON MAN: BAD BLOOD #4

Clad in his all-new space armor, Iron Man rockets off into space after Justin Hammer's orbiting station! But first he has to get past the Evader suits—which Tony Stark himself designed! By David Michelinie & Bob Layton!

MARVEL KNIGHTS #6

A Maximum Security tie-in! Shang-Chi goes toe-to-toe with Zaran the weapons master! Plus: the Punisher continues his war with Daddy Wronglegs! By Chuck Dixon & Eduardo Barreto!

MARVEL: THE LOST GENERATION #3

The Yankee Clipper! Liberty Girl! Kid Justice! Nightingale! Effigy! The Black Fox! The Hipster! This one has all of your forgotten favorites! By Roger Stern & John Byrne!

SPIDER-MAN: GREEN GOBLIN #3

Over the years, Spider-Man has defeated the Green Goblin again and again—the winning streak ends here! By Roger Stern & Ron Frenz!

THE STORMS #1

Ghouls! Graveyards! Spontaneous human combustion! It's shocks and supernatural action for Johnny Storm and his sister Sue! By Terry Kavanagh & Charles Adlard!

UNIVERSE X #3

Captain America and Captain Mar-Vell travel to the Savage Land and Limbo—where they meet face Space Phantoms, Dire Wraiths and the demon named Belasco! By Alex Ross, Jim Krueger & Doug Braithwaite!

WOLVERINE #157

The only thing standing between the Mole Man's army of subterranean creatures and New York City is the unlikely duo of Wolverine and Spider-Man! By Rob Liefeld & Ian Churchill!

X-FORCE #109

Why is an assassin with the mutant gene for murder after Domino? And can X-Force stop him without their mentor, Pete Wisdom? By Warren Ellis, Ian Edginton & Whilce Portacio!

X-MEN UNIVERSE #13

Want to give a fan of the X-Men movie an entry into comic books? Then reach for this 80-page reprint!

X-MEN UNLIMITED #29

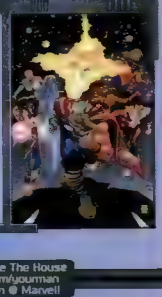
At last, the X-Men are reunited with their long-lost comrades Bishop and Professor X! By Joe Pruett & Brett Booth!

MARVEL SPOTLIGHT

THE STORMS #1

Think the Human Torch and the Invisible Woman sat around twiddling their thumbs before they became card carrying super heroes? Think again! Delivering supernatural thrills and chills, the BEFORE THE FANTASTIC 4 set of limited series continues this month, revealing that the Storm siblings had fantastic lives even without swanky powers!

This issue is cool for many reasons. Number one, it gives us an extra dose of the Avengers Infinity team. Number two, it features guest-pencils by John Romita Jr., who gets to draw all sorts of funky aliens, spaceships... and even Thor! Plus, it's an important tie-in chapter to Maximum Security! Add it all up and it's another winner from The House!



AVENGERS #35

Hey there, folks! It's been about 3 weeks now and I'm still trying to get a hold of this mad bucking bronco called Marvel Comics. It's a big job but everyone here has chipped in big ways to get my goofy butt up to speed. There's a bit of a learning curve; it's kind of like running Marvel Knights... only bigger.

Waaaaaay bigger!

As I start settling into the Editor in Chief, or EIC (or as I like to call it, EEK!) job, one thing has become clear. Okay, excuse me why I clear my golden throat. Ah-herm...

THIS IS SO COOL!

As a kid I dreamt about drawing comics, but never in a million years could I have ever dreamt of this! In my mind this seemed like the coolest job in comics. I mean, how bad could it be? It used to be Stan's job! Well, I think you True Believers are expecting a lot from Marvel's EEK!, and I'm going to do my darndest not to disappoint. So without further ado, let me get to the nuts and bolts of this rambling missive.

WE WANT YOU!

That's "you" as in *YOU*, bunky! We want you to try out the "New" Marvel! We have some great stuff cooking at The House and we're pretty confident that you'll be hooked once you try it. We want you to try it out *so* badly that we're slashing the price! That's right, you heard it here first! In January we're launching our new ongoing reader incentive program called Slashback!

AVENGERS #38 and INCREDIBLE HULK #24 are great jumping-on points, so we're slashing the price for that month on both titles back to a good ol' buck ninety-nine! And as if that weren't enough, you also get in on the ground floor as "Awesome" Alan Davis introduces his magic pencil to Earth's Mightiest Heroes and "Jazzy" Johnny Romita Jr. adds his mystical 2H lead to the pages of the Rampaging one! Don't say I never did anything for ya!

This job is just way too much fun! But I better get going... the excitement is killing me and I think I need some oxygen!

See ya in the funnybooks,
JIM
EEK!

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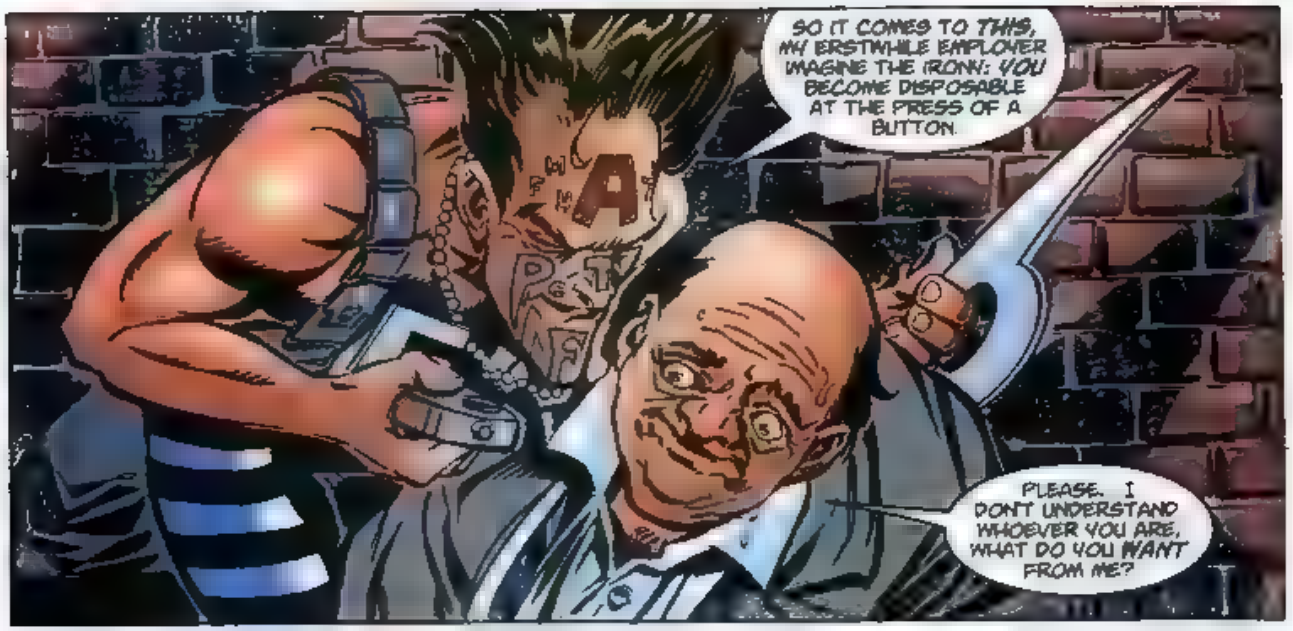
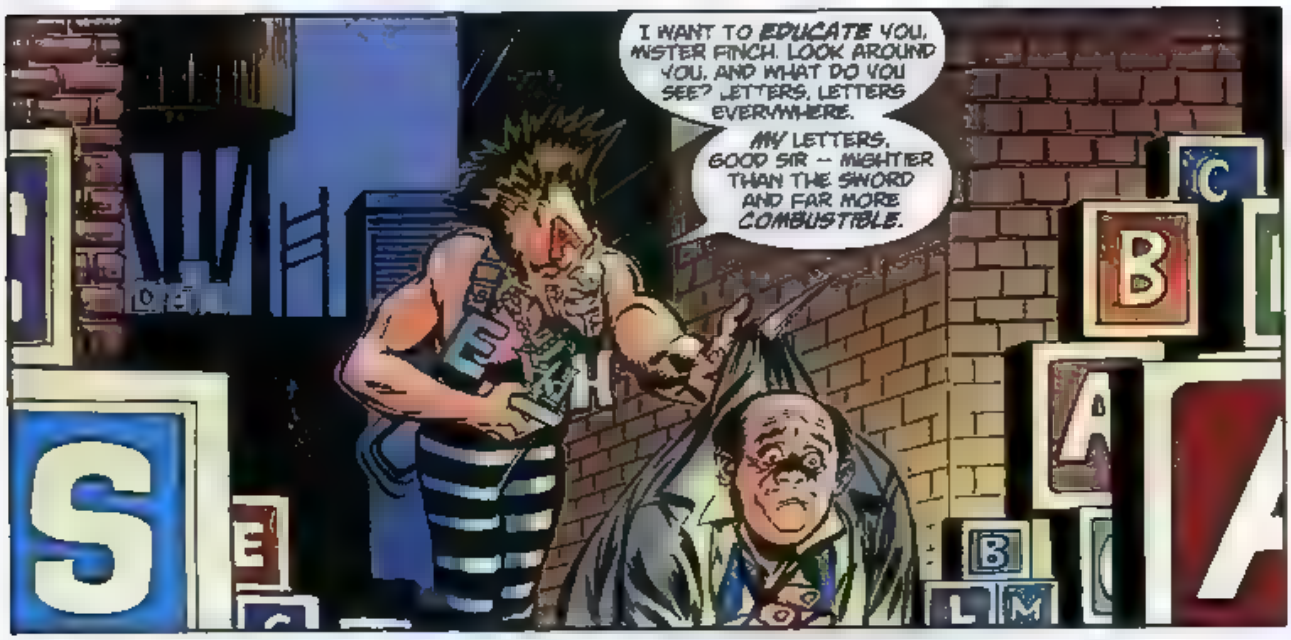
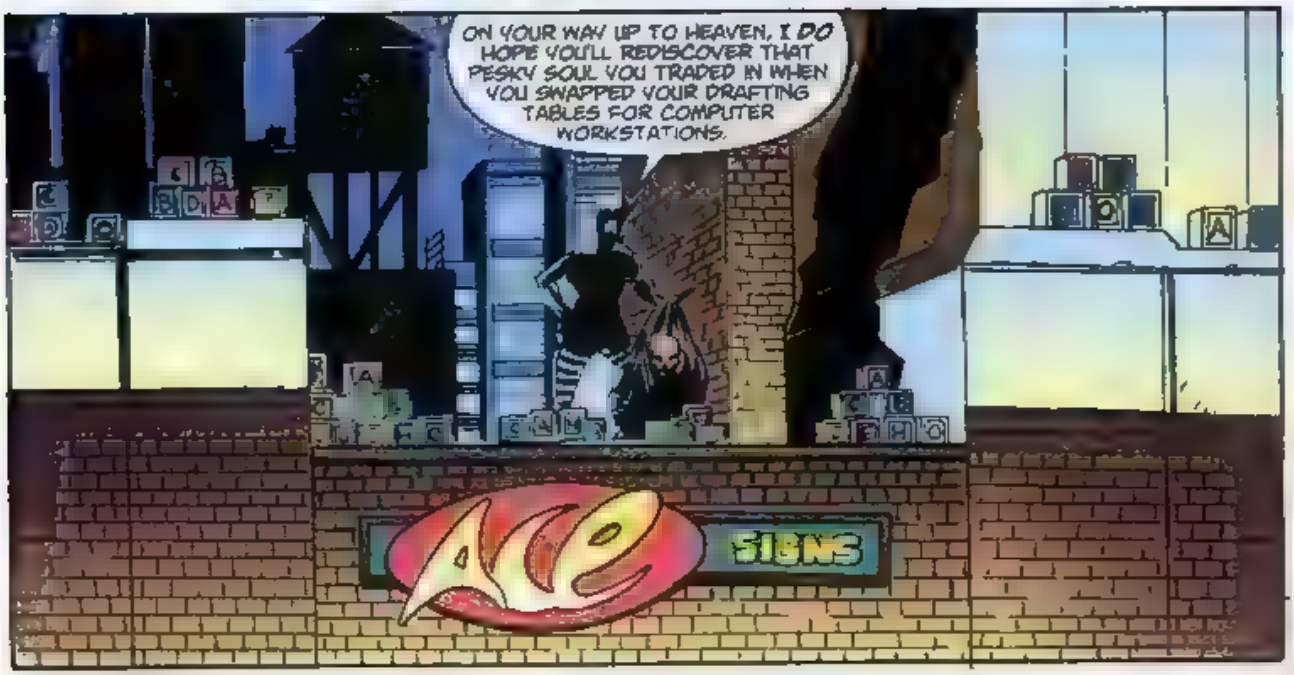
Design by the Marvel Bullpen's PAUL TUTHONE


SO IT COMES TO THIS, MY ERSTWHILE EMPLOYER. IMAGINE THE IRONY: YOU BECOME DISPOSABLE AT THE PRESS OF A BUTTON.
PLEASE. I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHOEVER YOU ARE, WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?


I WANT TO EDUCATE YOU, MISTER FINCH. LOOK AROUND YOU, AND WHAT DO YOU SEE? LETTERS, LETTERS EVERYWHERE.
MY LETTERS, GOOD SIR -- MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD AND FAR MORE COMBUSTIBLE.


ON YOUR WAY UP TO HEAVEN, I DO HOPE YOU'LL REDISCOVER THAT PESKY SOUL YOU TRADED IN WHEN YOU SWAPPED YOUR DRAFTING TABLES FOR COMPUTER WORKSTATIONS.
ACE
SIGNS

GANGWAY! VERY ANGRY SPIDER COMIN THROUGH —!
WHAT—?
NO, YOU WILL NOT SALVAGE THAT [redacted] TO DESTROY, SPIDER-MAN. EVEN YOU COULD NOT POSSIBLY STAND AGAINST TEN THOUSAND TONS OF EXPLOSIVE FORCE.
HONOR MUST BE SATISFIED! NOW IS THE HOUR OF TYPEFACE! NOW IS THE JH... IS THE...
OH CRIPES.
MFH
I TOLD YOU SO

SORRY FOR RAINING ON YOUR PARADE, TYPEFACE. UHH..
...I FIGURED BRINGING THE CABARET HERE... WAS THE ONLY WAY... UHH. I COULD SOLVE TWO PROBLEMS IN THE SAME EVENING.
ATTACK
UKK SO.. YOU WANNA GIVE ME A HAND OVER HERE...?
YOUR FIGHT IS NOT MINE, SPIDER-MAN. I HAVE OTHER FISH TO FRY. AND FRY THEM I SHALL.
BIG FISH. RICH AND POWERFUL ONES
PTF

WHUFF--!
CHOOM
HWIP
UH-H-H...
HSSS!
C'MON, TYPEFACE... UHH... YOU REALLY WANT MURDER AND ARSON ON YOUR RAP SHEET? YOU DON'T STRIKE ME AS THE TYPE.
HEY! I'M NOT KIDDING OVER HERE!

S FUNNY I GUESS YOUR SENSE OF HONOR ONLY EXTENDS TO BLOWING PEOPLE UP, HUH?
C'MON, JOEY! YOU GOTTA GET UP --!
HERE, I GOT YOU J- AAK!
BLAM BLAM
G GORD ? I WANT YOU T PROMISE ME SOMETHIN' WHEN YOU GET HOME.
WHAT IS IT JOEY?
JUST LIVE MAN
CHEE
YOU ARE FREED, MY SPIDER FRIEND NOW. DO YOU HAVE ANY SUGGESTION AS TO HOW WE PROCEED AGAINST THE FIENDISH CREATURE?
I SUGGEST WE KICK THE LOWER END OF ITS DIGESTIVE TRACT
I AGREE

COME ON! WE GOTTA LURE IT AWAY FROM THE BUILDING BEFORE IT GOES NEAR THE EXPLOSIVES.
BUT HOW WILL WE DISPOSE OF THE CREATURE? IT APPEARS TOO POWERFUL, EVEN AGAINST OUR COMBINED EFFORTS --
I NEED YOU TO DIVERT ITS ATTENTION SOMEHOW SO'S I CAN STICK THIS DEVICE ONTO IT. SUPPOSEDLY, THAT'LL SEND THE UGLY BUG BACK WHERE IT CAME FROM.
UH, JUST BEAR IN MIND THE CREATURE'S "WITH CHILD," SO IT MIGHT NOT BE IN THE FRIENDLIEST OF MOODS RIGHT ABOUT NOW.
THEN DISTRACT IT I SHALL! MY LETTERBOMBS WILL BE ITS DOWNFALL.
SKREEEE
AAH! BY THE BEARD OF SHAKESPEARE --!

HEY... WHEN I SAID "DISTRACT IT," I DIDN'T MEAN "GET CAPTURED!"
HOLD ON, MAN --!
SKRIEEE
UM. DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'RE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE MIRACLE OF BIRTH.
NOT IF I HAVE ANY SAY IN THE MATTER --
--AAAH!
NICE WORK, AMIGO. I THINK WE GOT IT NOW..
SKLISH

SKREEEEEEE!
FZZZZT
WELL, THAT WAS REVOLTING. YOU THINK ALIENS KNOW ABOUT CARPET CLEANER...?
ONE WOULD HOPE SO.
LISTEN, I HATE TO CUT AND RUN, BUT I GOT A PREVIOUS APPOINTMENT. ARE WE COPACETIC --?
WE ARE, MY FRIEND. YOU HAVE SAVED ME FROM COMMITTING A GRIEVOUS ERROR, AND FOR THAT I THANK YOU.
FOR TODAY, "A" SHALL STAND FOR "ASSURANCE." I WILL REMOVE THE LETTERBOMBS, SPIDER-MAN -- YOU HAVE MY WORD.
NOW, WHERE DID I PUT THE REMOTE?

HELLO, LENNY...? YEAH, THIS IS GEORGE FINCH -- WE'VE HAD A MAJOR PROBLEM DOWN AT THE FACTORY.
YEAH. SOME KIND OF TERRORIST ATTACK -- ONE OF MY OLD EMPLOYEES WENT WACKO AND LEVELED THE ENTIRE BUILDING. YOU'D BETTER CALL THE INSURANCE COMPANY.
OH, SURE... AND THE POLICE.
CLK
SIGNS

the Pallete Gallery
MADE IT -- AND ONLY HALF AN HOUR LATE!
ALL I HAVE TO DO NOW IS COME UP WITH A TRIED AND TRUSTED NEW YORK EXCUSE...
UH, I'M REAL SORRY I'M LATE, MISTER WHIPPLE. I GOT MUGGED ON THE SUBWAY --
-- SAY, WHERE IS EVERYBODY?
PETER PARKER
WELL, I'M GLAD YOU DECIDED TO FINALLY GRACE US WITH YOUR PRESENCE, MISTER PARKER.
I'M AFRAID ALL THE LEMON SQUARES ARE GONE, AS ARE ALL OF YOUR POTENTIAL CUSTOMERS. IT APPEARS YOUR FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES HAVE THE ATTENTION SPAN OF A NEWT.
NEVER FEAR, DEAR BOY -- AT LEAST YOU MANAGED TO SELL ONE OF YOUR PIECES. IT WAS A PHOTOGRAPH OF YOUR DEAR, DEPARTED UNCLE, I DO BELIEVE.
NO KIDDING...? DID THE BUYER LEAVE A CONTACT NUMBER?

"I'M SORRY, MISTER PARKER -- THAT PERSON WISHED TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS..."
the Pallete Gallery
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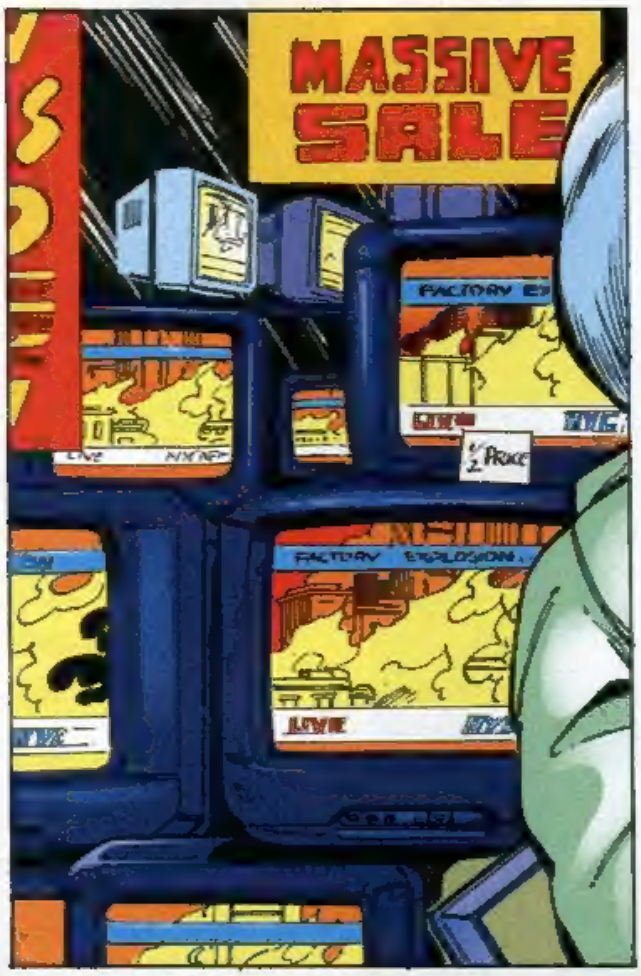
MASSIVE SALE
FACTORY EXPLOSION
LIVE
NYNEWS
½ PRICE

...AND AS THE INVESTIGATION INTO THE EXPLOSION CONTINUES, POLICE ARE SEARCHING FOR THIS MAN: GORDON THOMAS -- A FORMER EMPLOYEE OF ACE SIGNWORKS AND A KNOWN ASSOCIATE OF THE VIGILANTE, SPIDER-MAN...
½ PRICE
NYNEWS
END